Scandalous by BeObscene

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Summary:

Nancy Wheeler is an innocent Catholic School girl who crosses paths with the strict new nun, Joy. But maybe this older woman isn't as cold and menacing as she seems. Non- canon.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> This is one of my first Stranger Things inspired stories. I wanted to try something different and since there are no Nancy/Joyce stories yet this is at least a start. Thank you and enjoy!

Nancy Wheeler was a good Catholic girl. She was no better or worse than most of the kids at her private school. It was Spring, 1995 in Hawkins, Indiana. A new nun roamed the halls of the school, in the girl's washroom, Nancy heard the rumours about the woman and what she was capable of.

"I heard she pulled a girl's hair out after she found her in the bathroom putting on lipstick," said Sherry Smith as she checked herself out in the mirror straightening her hair next to best friend, Linda Campbell.

"Nah, I heard worse. She spanked a girl sneaking out in the middle of morning prayer with a studded belt. Even her back."

"That's not true," both turned to Nancy who just got out of one of the stalls. "You shouldn't be gossiping...all of that probably isn't true."

"Shut up, Wheeler!" Sherry snapped at her.

"Yeah, you don't know a goddamn thing!"

"Hey!" Nancy always followed the rules even to a fault, even if that meant the occasional redicule from her peers.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Linda gave Nancy a shove to get by her.

"Yeah, we don't want Nancy ratting us out to Sister Joy." Both girls left.

Nancy checked herself out in the mirror; she knew she'd never be as good looking as them, not as tall or popular. She barely had any real

curves. She decided not to waste any more time in the bathroom and get to her locker before her sexual education class; that was a joke, it was supposed to be just a health class with occasional reference to sex and how harmful it was outside of marriage. Sister Joy was roaming the hall as Nancy was opening her locker, the tapping of her heels growing ever closer. When the tapping stopped, Nancy looked up and saw the young nun looking down at her with this stern yet comforting face. Nancy gulped.

"Nancy?"

"Yes...Sis - sister Joy?"

"I have heard much about you."

Nancy almost wanted to say she heard a lot about her too but that would make her look like a smart aleck "Oh?"

"Father Thomas says you are having trouble confessing sins."

"I-I am. Sorry. I'll try harder."

Sister Joy leaned down closer, she had this scar just below her right eye; as if staring into those dark brown eyes weren't intimidating enough. "How old are you?"

"...18...," this surprised Sister Joy seeing just how short the girl looked, so pale and innocent.

“A girl your age has nothing to confess?"

Nancy felt heat on her face, her ears were burning, "I, uh..."

"There must be something. Wicked thoughts perhaps. You have a devious mind, I'm sure of it." Nancy shook her head, too afraid to look away from the dominant woman. "Try me."

"...I guess I am jealous of the other girls...I'm not really as mature looking as them or..."

"Or what?" Sister Joy pressed.

"Pretty...I wish I could be as pretty as them," she looked up at her with such large doe eyes, almost cartoon like in their appearance.

"You'll have to do better than that."

"Huh?"

"I bet you think you're better than everyone," she said smirking.

"No..."

"You're cute, I'll give you that."

"But, Sister, I..."

"You have everyone fooled. But not me," she placed her hands gently onto her shoulders. "You better have something to confess about or you'll be seeing me after school tomorrow...then I shall see what i can do with you." She left her with those words before turning back down the hallway. Nancy caught her breath, she thought she was about to have a panic attack. She had to think of something to confess, she didn't want to just lie about something. In her short life she hadn't done much of anything, no teenage parties involving alcohol or run ins with the cops or anything. She needed to make up for lost time. This had to be big and then maybe Sister Joy would be off her case.

2. Chapter 2

“What am I going to do?" thought Nancy walking home from school, "What will Sister Joy do to me if I don't have anything to confess about?"

Her best friend Barb found her hanging outside of the local convince store. "Nancy? What are you doing?"

"I was thinking about shoplifting something...do you think that would count for a confession? Just thinking about doing that?"

"I...I don't think that would be good enough especially for Sister Joy."

"Why does she have to me so mean? Isn't it a good thing that I've never done anything that bad?" "Just make something up. Maybe say you looked up porn on the Internet."

"But all my parents have is dial up."

Barb was irritated some times by her good nature, "Lie," she sighed.

Nancy gasped, "I...I...couldn't..."

"Well then it sounds like you're screwed.”

“What do you think she'll do to me if I don't have anything for her tomorrow?"

Barb didn't want to torture with the thought of humiliating punishment but the scared look she always made was just too priceless, "I heard a girl from another whacked 200 times with a ruler, then was tied and locked in a closet."

"What? There's no way she could get away with that! No one can any more!"

"Well you better think of something fast," Barb laughed a little, "I've gotta go but let me know how you make out."

Nancy didn't go into the store, she was scared, she could easily get

caught, the clerk would call the cops then her parents would get called down then who knew had to be something. She found a beer bottle on the ground by a dumpster. She was still too young, she never saw the appeal really. Then she thought about va she could damage something that nobody really cared about. She stood on top of a couple milk crates stacked and looked inside. She was shocked to see a mag woman fully exposed. It was so filthy. So obscene. So...Perfect!
Nancy returned to school the next day feeling confident she had done something truly awful. She went about her business through the day and went to confess to Father Thomas about what she had found.

"Tell me my child, what is it you found?"

"A dirty magazine thrown out in a dumpster."

"What did you feel when you saw it?"

She wanted to say she felt bad but had to think of something, "Uh...horny?"

There was a pause from Father Thomas' side of the booth. He said a quick prayer forgiving her for her lustful thoughts. Nancy felt relived, maybe now she would on.
She finished the day in her English class and then walked straight to her locker. An older nun, Sister Beatrice walked up to her looking urgent.

"Nancy. Sister Joy wants to have a word with you. It's...important." Nancy gulped, her worst fears were about to come true.

Sister Joy was sitting alone in a study room with her Bible. Nancy knocked on the door. "It's open!" Sister Joy groaned. Nancy entered rather slowly. Sister Joy's a sinister smile. "Nancy!"

"Y-you wanted to see me, Sister Joy?"

Sister Joy was a little more than delighted to see such a frightened girl. "Yes, Nancy. Come over here and take a seat," she said in an almost singing voice. Whe little too much time getting over there she raised her voice, "That wasn't an invitation!"

Nancy ran over and took a seat next to her. "Father Thomas tells me you confessed something today."

"Y-yes," said Nancy trying to look at what she was reading. To her shock it was the magazine she had found in the dumpster, she had foolishly brought it with he put it inside her locker. "S-sister Joy, I...I..."

"You brought the dirty magazine you found to school?"

"In...in case you didn't believe me...," she looked away in shame.

The pages that were open in the magazine showed a man and woman. The man with his absurdly large member and the buxom woman on her knees being cho "That took guts...," Sister Joy began fanning herself with her hands and them stood up quickly, surprising Nancy. She checked the thermostat.

"You went into my locker?"

"I deserve to know what is going on in students' lives," she untied her gown, "I should tell someone to fix that. I still can't get used to how hot it gets in this buil watched helplessly as the gown

came off and all Sister Joy had underneath were her undergarments. Nancy 's jaw flew open. Sister Joy had curves, her large breasts somehow supported by that large black, lacey bra. She had a
very tight body too, her panties didn't fully cover her. Nancy raised an eyebrow at the tattoo of a rose on her left cheek.

"Sorry, is there something wrong, Miss Wheeler?"

Nancy almost choked on her words, "N-n-no!"

"What? It can't be anything you haven't seen before," she scoffed.

"Um...sorry, you look very nice."

Sister Joy smiled down at her and patted the top of her head. "That's a good girl." "I wish...I wish I could look like you."

Sister Joy grabbed a yard stick and slapped it down on her other

hand intimidating Nancy; it was funny to see Sister Joy was still wearing her habit. "Nancy, you don't want this!"

"I-I don't?"

"I'm under a lot of pressure with this body. I once thought it was a gift but now I can see it as the curse it truly is."

"Oh...I still think you look nice, Miss," Nancy smiled. Sister Joy smiled back at her and it looked genuine this time.

Sister Joy was sweating now, she couldn't help it. She removed her bra. Her E-cup sized breasts were out in the open. Nancy put a hand over her eyes in fear, s imagine anyone she ever met doing this in front of a student.

Sister Joy locked the door, "I might as well make sure I don't get any uninvited guests. I don't wan me like this," she chuckled. "What are you doing, Nancy?" She said getting angry with her.

"Sister Joy, what are you doing?" A confused Nancy whimpered.

“They're breasts, Nancy! You shouldn't be ashamed! This is what a real woman looks like!"

"I...I know but..."

"What!?" She slapped the yard stick down on the desk.

Nancy looked up at her and then down at her sweating breasts. She watched how they moved as Sister Joy breathed heavily. "I'm sorry...they are beautiful."

"Now...I should punish you..."

Nancy was more fully alert than ever, "Punish? But I confessed to Father Thomas!"

"Yes, Nancy...but now that you truly are a naughty girl...I am free to...," she stopped herself.

Nancy was more confused, "Free to what, Sister?"

"I...I really like you, Nancy...You're not like other girls. I don't have many friends...," she said innocently.

"I don't have that many friends either," Nancy laughed nervously.

“Would you want to maybe be my friend?" Sister Joy scrunched up her nose and frowned.

Nancy wasn't sure what that meant exactly, "Uh...sure...Sister Joy."

"Just Joy. When we're alone together it's Joy."

"Ok...Joy...," Nancy smiled, feeling slightly more comfortable even though there was a naked woman standing in front of her. One of Joy's breasts rubbed up against her face when she went to grab something. Like a large pillow, Nancy couldn't get over how soft it was.

"Would you be a dear and fetch the bag of ice from my fridge?"

Nancy almost didn't notice the mini fridge next to her. She reached in to grab the bag of ice. She noticed the beer bottles in the corner of her eye briefly. "Thank Joy said, taking an ice cube out of the bag and rubbing it around her face and neck. She shuddered when she went lower. Nancy watched, fascinated that she w her breasts with the ice, making icy, melting lines. Her nipples were ready to poke someone's eyes out.

“I bet you could cut glass with those..." Nancy laughed nervously again.

Joy held Nancy's face in one hand, smiling down at her as she rubbed her nipple with a new bit of ice. "That feels so nice...," she tilted her head back enjoying t "Mm, do you think you could get my back?"

"Huh?"

"My back, please." Nancy still wasn't sure. "I thought we were friends. I'd put ice down your back...," Nancy took some ice and got behind the strange nun. Joy looked her uniform up and down,

"I'm actually surprised you're still wearing clothes..."

"I'm fine, thanks," Nancy smiled awkwardly. She took some ice and very slowly applied it to her back.

"That's it...nice and slow...," she whispered, eyes closed. Nancy still felt weird about the whole thing but believed that this might at least get her off her back. "Lower!" she ordered. She went a little lower, "Lower!" she ordered her again. Nancy was at her lower back, "Lower..."

"Um..."

Joy turned her head, ”Nancy..."

Nancy looked down at her shapely behind. She bit her bottom lip and proceeded even though it was maybe crossing more lines. She rubbed two ice cubes on he wanted to hurry up and get this over with she decided not to irritate her any further. Joy moaned at the feeling of the ice on her ass. "That's really pretty," Nanc the rose tattoo. She watched the ice melt down it.

"I got that a long time ago..." Thunder struck outside. A flash of lightning. "That should do for today, Nancy."

"Um...ok...thank you, Joy." She was halfway to the door when Joy grabbed her boney wrist.

"You don't tell anybody about this, understand? This is a secret. Only between us." Nancy nodded. Joy smiled happily as the girl ran to beat what could be a dow moment.
When Nancy did get outside she saw rain clouds she hadn't seen before. Red rainclouds and purple lightning. It was all very strange. No rain yet but she decided quick before she learned what red rain clouds produce.

3. Chapter 3

Nancy didn't know what to tell Barb. Other girls were asking what Sister Joy did to her. Nancy promised the nun she would keep what happened private. Who would believe her? Sister Joy had a reputation but as far as anyone knew her punishments didn't include applying ice cubes to her naked body. Nancy still couldn't make sense out of what happened. It was as much a mystery as those purple clouds. As the days went on things only got stranger. Sister Joy continued acting mean to everyone when she roamed the halls, to Nancy especially. She would slip Nancy notes about meeting her. Her notes were all about how she needed someone to talk to or just really needed to see her. Perhaps she really was her only friend. When she was alone with her she acted more kind but off, like she had some secret agenda but nothing compared to cooling her down with ice cubes; though Sister Joy would wear just a bra and panties from time to time.

Two weeks went by. The clouds were black, purple and orange and produced green lightning; in all this time there had been no rain which was a cause for some concern. It was Friday after school and Nancy was sitting with Sister Joy in her office as the thunder rattled the walls.

"Do you know why this is happening?" Sister Joy asked, quizzing the girl.

Nancy thought about what she had heard that morning, "Father Thomas says it's the Lord's wrath...is that what you think too?"

"Well, I would never argue with Father Thomas, Nancy. That's not my place. Though I'm sure it's nothing of our concern. I'm sure the scientists in the Hawkins laboratory know something about it. It's of course not my place to point fingers but...," she bit her bottom lip, Nancy knew she too didn't want to accuse anyone without evidence but it seemed like everyone knew that lab was no good and performed some questionable experiments deep in those woods.

"So...you don't think it's something else? Punishment for sins?" Nancy frowned.

"Not everything has to be a punishment, Nancy...," Sister Joy was getting close, moving over to her side of the desk. “You look beautiful today you know."
Nancy smiled, she'd never heard anyone say this in a while, she never thought of herself that way. "There's that smile." The nun put her hands on Nancy's, massaging them. She puckered her lips and leaned into Nancy. Nancy began to close her eyes but stopped herself.

"Sister Joy?" She spasmed.

"What is it, Nancy?" Sister Joy was concerned by her response.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm sorry...," she looked away, it looked as though a tear slid down her cheek but she covered her face before Nancy could tell. "Can I kiss you?"

Nancy raised an eyebrow, "You...want to kiss me?" Sister Joy nodded, "Why?" "I really like you..." She ran her fingers through the confused girl's hair.

Nancy shook her head, "I don't understand."

"Have you ever been kissed before?" Nancy was feeling weird about that question. She shook her head, trying to smile a little as she did. "How do you know you're any good?"

"But..."

"Oh, what is it, Nancy? Too cool to kiss me?"

"You're a..."

"I'm a what?"

Nancy had so many buzzing questions. "A nun...You're older than me...and you're a woman...isn't that wrong?"

Sister Joyce frowned, "That I'm older?" "Uh..."

Sister Joy teased, "I get it..," she placed her hand on the side of her

face now, resting into it. "But as we talked about before, you haven't experienced much. Do you know that girls your age experiment?"

Nancy furrowed her brow, "Really?"

"Yes and it's completely natural."

Nancy gulped, "And you want to do that with me? You're saying you want to help me?"

“Yes...but I can only teach someone who is willing to learn..." Her eyes became so hypnotic to her, Nancy couldn't blink.

"I-I w-want t-to learn," she hesitated. "Good."

There was no real warm up to it, the older and more experienced woman got her to wet her lips and close her eyes. Nancy felt so dumb having never kissed anyone before. She trusted Sister Joy or at least she wanted to. She tried to remember how to do it like they did in some of the late night movies she had seen. She was nervous, she couldn't stop thinking about screwing up, being a laughing stock if anyone found out...

She heard loud moaning, felt wet lips press against hers, a tingling sensation from her nipples and under her skirt. It felt good. It felt even better when Sister Joy massaged her tongue with her own. It should've been disgusting to her. Any other time it would be. The moaning got louder. Nancy held onto the nun as if for dear life. She was sitting in her lap now, finding comfort in her embrace. It was at this moment she realized that it was her doing all of the moaning. She just couldn't help it.

“It was difficult but Sister Joy finally managed to push Nancy off of her lips. Nancy was in a state of ecstacy. Saliva trickled down her bottom lip and she looked up at Sister Joy dreamily. "Whoa..."

"You weren't too bad yourself," Sister Joy grinned. "Can we...um...do it again?"

"Of course..."

They kissed for several more minutes. Nancy now understood the

appeal of wanting to do so and for so long. Nancy knew deep down that she had to get a move on and get home but this really
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"I'm afraid that's all for today."

"Please?" Sister Joy admired her desperation, she just looked so adorable begging her like this.

She thought for a moment, tapping a finger to her chin. "Hmm. Well alright." Nancy anticipated some makeout techniques but instead found Sister Joy nibbling on her ear. She was shocked.

"Sister Joy?"

“Yes, Nancy?" The nun stopped briefly.

"Uh...I don't know about this..."

"It's fine..." She nibbled and kissed on her neck. She bit her a bit.

"Ah! What is that?"

"I'm giving you a hickey."

"Why?"

"Because I..."

"What?"

"I love you."

Nancy took a moment to look at her, everything all of the sudden made perfect sense. "You...b-b- b-utttt..." Sister Joy put a finger up to her lips.

"I know you're scared of me..."

"No I...I kind of knew but I didn't want to believe it. But why me?"

Sister Joy smirked, "I think you're amazing.”

“You're the only one," she hung her head embarrassed.

"That's because everyone else is an idiot," saying this did bring her spirits up, "Would you like to be my secret girlfriend?"

This was a shocking proposition. Nancy knew that if they pursued any kind of relationship beyond this point they could both face ridicule and get into serious trouble from the the church and in town. "But isn't that a sin? I mean...we could both be shunned and excommunicated."

"You are right," she placed both hands on Nancy's shoulders. "But we're all sinners, Nancy. We're only looking for love after all. I'm not going to force anything on you. I just wanted to show you...what it would be like with me."

Nancy was getting nervous, she smirked to cover this up, "It was nice of you."

"We'll go back to just being friends...I guess it was foolish of me. I've made so many mistakes in my life. You'd probably learn a lot from my mistakes. I was a terrible person. I did horrible things...I regret a lot. I pray and confess but it just doesn't seem to “work. I haven't felt like I've been doing the right thing since I took up the faith."

Nancy couldn't stand seeing her this miserable. "We should give it a try."

"Really?"

Nancy shrugged, "Yeah...it could be fun." Nancy leaned in to kiss her but Sister Joy resisted.

"Nancy, slow down," she said, grabbing her arms, "Before we go through with this. I have to know that you won't tell anyone."

"Of course, Sister...I promise."

"Joy," she corrected.

"Joy...I promise."

"Ok," she nodded.

They kissed again. More passionately this time. Nancy wasn't sure exactly what she was getting herself into but she wanted more. She was finally living for the first time.

"It's getting late you should probably get home."

“Just another minute? Please?"

"Alright. What do you want to do?"

Nancy touched one of Sister Joy's breasts, squeezing it over the material of her gown. Sister Joy groaned. "Something else," Nancy answered.

Sister Joy stripped down, her breasts fully exposed to the delighted teen. She stared at them like she had seen complete perfection. "Come in then," Sister Joy pulled Nancy in and cradled the back of her head. Nancy couldn't believe how soft they were, so big and in her face. She closed her eyes and licked one like a big lollipop. She opened her eyes and looked up at the smiling and proud nun, no doubt aroused by the sight of her student getting more familiar and intimate with her body.

When Nancy started sucking on her nipples she knew she had her. Sister Joy closed her eyes and moaned, "Yes...Yes, Nancy!" Nancy knew she had to wrap this up so she bit down on one of the hard nipples.

"I better go," she kissed her firmly on the lips.

"I'll see you soon." Sister Joy watched her run out of the room. She felt such a rush from this as crazy as it was.

Nancy ran home, she had never felt this happy before. She didn't even notice the monstrous thunder and lightning. She walked the rest of the way when Barb was on her street. She was puzzled by the way she held her books close to he chest and ridiculous smile.

"Um, what are you so happy about?"

Nancy was swoon, "Oh, nothing," she sighed.

"Who is he?" She laughed.

Nancy couldn't contain her laughter, "I'll see you later, Barb," she ran inside of her house. Barb shook her head. It started raining. Not ordinary rain though. It was black and it stung Barb 's skin. Like acid. She ran home quickly after seeing how red her hands were getting.

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"Alright. What do you want to do?"

Nancy touched one of Sister Joy's breasts, squeezing it over the material of her gown. Sister Joy groaned. "Something else," Nancy answered.

Sister Joy stripped down, her breasts fully exposed to the delighted teen. She stared at them like she had seen complete perfection. "Come in then," Sister Joy pulled Nancy in and cradled the back of her head. Nancy couldn't believe how soft they were, so big and in her face. She closed her eyes and licked one like a big lollipop. She opened her eyes and looked up at the smiling and proud nun, no doubt aroused by the sight of her student getting more familiar and intimate with her body.

When Nancy started sucking on her nipples she knew she had her. Sister Joy closed her eyes and moaned, "Yes...Yes, Nancy!" Nancy knew she had to wrap this up so she bit down on one of the hard nipples.

"I better go," she kissed her firmly on the lips.

"I'll see you soon." Sister Joy watched her run out of the room. She felt such a rush from this as crazy as it was.

Nancy ran home, she had never felt this happy before. She didn't even notice the monstrous thunder and lightning. She walked the rest of the way when Barb was on her street. She was puzzled by the way she held her books close to he chest and ridiculous smile.

"Um, what are you so happy about?"

Nancy was swoon, "Oh, nothing," she sighed.

"Who is he?" She laughed.

Nancy couldn't contain her laughter, "I'll see you later, Barb," she ran inside of her house. Barb shook her head. It started raining. Not ordinary rain though. It was black and it stung Barb 's skin. Like acid. She ran home quickly after seeing how red her hands were getting.